Edwin Booth's Career and Its Honolulu Episode.

June 7th marked the fifteenth anniversary of the death of Edwin Booth, unquestionably the greatest and most versatile actor in the history of the American theater. Though the lapse of fifteen years seems but a short period in the life of the average adult, the younger generation has learned little of and the older one mentions only casually the great achievements of this really picturesque and remarkable man.

Edwin Booth died at his rooms in the Player's Club, New York, at 1:17 o'clock Wednesday morning, June 7, 1893, from the effects of paralysis, which disease attacked him for the first time in Rochester, N. Y., April 3, 1889, while playing Iago to the Othello of Lawrence Barrett. He was brought to New York city and later taken to Lakewood, where he suffered a second attack. He returned to New York and so far recovered that he was soon able to walk about alone. But his stage career had nearly ended. His last appearence before the footlights was at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, April 4, 1891, when he appeared as Hamlet. The audience, large and appreciative, seemed to have some premonition of his public end, and after the play called out the great actor again and again. Booth finally appeared to speak. He said with some feeling: "I hope that this is not the last time that I shall appear before you."

Booth's last appearance before the assembled members of the Players' Club, of which he was founder and president, was on New Year eve, 1892. The company was perhaps the most remarkable ever gathered on a like occasion in New York and embraced every distinguished member of the organization. Here, too, the body seemed to be moved by presentiment. Booth himself was apprehensive. He had prepared a short speech to deliver to his friends, but was so affected by preparations for the occasion that when he attempted to commit his thoughts to paper his hand would hardly obey. The finished draft was almost illegible, even to him. A solicitous associate wished to copy it for him. He replied: "I am afraid it's of no use. My eyes are always very moist when I see them all, and I do not think I could see to read it, even if it were copied." When the event was at hand emotion controlled almost every one present. Booth's words pathetically expressed consciousness of his condition.

LAST TALK WITH PLAYERS.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, who presided, presented President-elect Cleveland, who spoke feelingly and referred to Mr. Booth in terms of affection. The applause was loud and prolonged. When silence came Mr. Booth said:

"Gentlemen: Although this occasion should be regarded as a happy one, as the fourth anniversary of our club's existence yet I must confess to a sense of almost terror when I consider the responsibility of my position—that of adequately receiving the gracious words we have heard tonight. As the very worst of speakers, I can but rely, as usual, upon your generosity to let me pass as one who can but pledge the health of our honored speaker and in this loving cup the health and prosperity of The Players."

On the stroke of twelve Mr. Booth drank from the loving cup his last anniversary ceremonial of cheer, and then it was passed from member to member. Among those present were William Bispham, Augustin Daly, Joseph Jefferson, J. F. Daly, Brander Mathews, John Drew, W. J. Le Moyne, Daniel Frohman, Thomas B. Aldrich, Edgar Fawcett, Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund C. Stedman, William Gillette Arthur Bourchier, John Malone, Augustus Pitou, Clyde Fitch, Hopkinson Smith, James Lewis, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Franklin H. Sargent, T. H. French, T. D. Frawley and Owen Fawcett.

It has been well said that none of the countless lovers of the drama who have witnessed Edwin Booth's delineations will fail to transmit as best he may some idea of this great actor's art and inspiration to the rising generations. The Players' Club will remain a unique monument to Booth, for it notes an advance of the profession which he ornamented to a standing among other professions, to scholarly association, and to a place in society long denied to stage representatives.

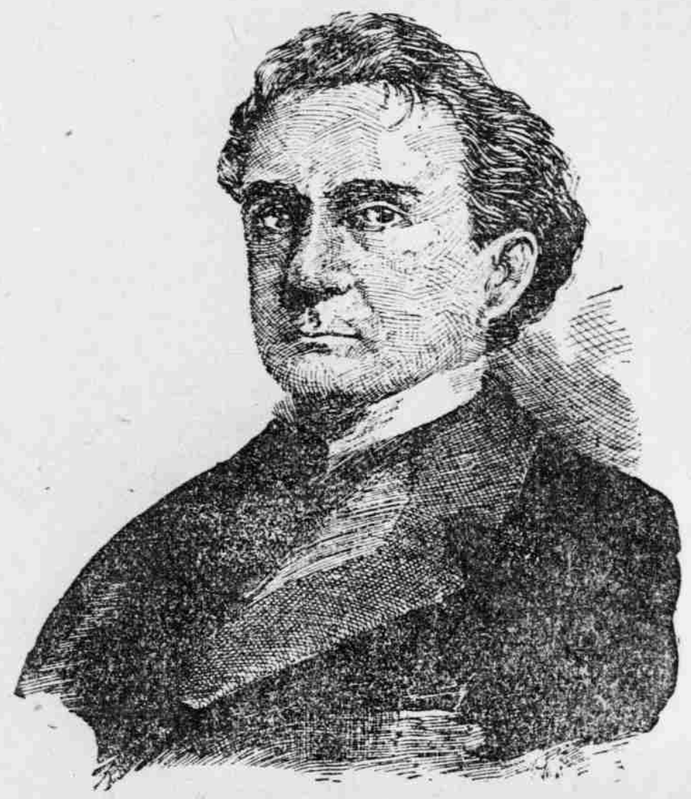
HIS FATHER AN ACTOR.

Edwin Booth was born in Baltimore, Md., November 15, 1833. He was the fourth son of Junius Brutus Booth, the greatest actor of his time, and famous for his portrayal of Richard III. The father at the time of Edwin's birth was thirty-seven years of age and had been an actor since he was twenty, and was in the plenitude of his power and his fame. Between this great actor and this son a profound sympathy grew with the growth of the boy, and companionship began in the latter's school days.

As a boy he is said to have been naturally thoughtful and observant beyond his years—with an unusual touch of melancholy. On his travels with his father he was ostensibly an attendant and dresser.

Young Booth's first stage experiment, it is said, was made unexpectedly and abruptly. The elder Booth was playing at the Boston Museum in September, 1849, and Edward, then but sixteen years of age, was in attendance upon his father. Richard III had been cast for the night of the 10th. The actor to whom the part of Tressel had been assigned, so the story goes, wanted liberty for the evening, and he persuaded Edwin to assume the role. The elder Booth, it is said, was not informed of this change until shortly before the performance. He had always opposed the idea of the stage for Edwin, and did not approve of this maiden essay. But Edwin went on as Tressel. The part is a minor one, and therefore but little attention was paid to him by the audience.

At Providence, R. I., the same season, he assumed the role of Cassio in "Othello" and as Wilford in "The Iron Chest." His impersonation of Wilford excited praise, and it was repeated at the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. Again he won approval as Titus in Payne's "Brutus" at Ford's Opera House, Washington.



EDWIN BOOTH.

His first appearance in New York city was made September 27, 1850, when, at the National Theater in Chatham street, he played the part of Wilford to the Sir Edward Mortimer of his father.

His second metropolitan appearance was at the same theater in 1851, when, at his father's benefit, with meager preparation, Edwin acted Richard III—a character in which he afterward distinguished himself. The elder Booth was to have appeared in this role, but illness was given as the cause of his failure to appear. Thereafter it was thought that this excuse cloaked the elder Booth's desire to put his son's ambition and ability to a crucial test. The event was fortunate. No announcement of the change was made. Young Booth was at first received by the large audience with surprise and doubt. The young actor had listened to the reading of the lines by a friend while he hastily dressed. The audience awoke to consideration and generosity for the young man as the play developed. In the end Edwin was rewarded with warm approval for his efforts.

Edwin Booth's first unqualified success was won in California, where the harder work of his early career was done. The elder Booth journeyed to San Francisco in July, 1852. He set out without Edwin, whom he designed to remain on the family farm near Baltimore; but while en route he sent for Edwin and awaited his arrival. The elder Booth remained in California but three months. In a stock company that supported him were Edwin and Junius. From San Francisco the company went to Sacramento, where it failed. The elder Booth bade his sons farewell in October, 1852, and set out on his return to the east, first advising Edwin to remain in the new country and try his fortune as an actor. The California period of Edwin Booth's career ran from the summer of 1852 until the fall of 1856. During this time he made a trip to Australia and the Sandwich Islands. His first regular California engagement was in support of D. W. Waller—afterward stage manager of Booth's Theater. With him Mr. Booth played a wide range of parts in all kinds of drama, and during this engagement he played Iago for the first time. The engagement was unfortunate.

OVERWHELMED BY CALAMITIES.

At Grass Valley the company was isolated by a great snowstorm and narrowly escaped starvation. To fill his bitter cup, an adventurous express carrier brought to Edwin the news of his father's death. Torn by grief, harassed by apprehension for his mother, destitute of money and hemmed in by the storm, the young actor was well nigh maddened. To join his brother Junius in San Francisco he desperately united his fortunes with a company of rough and determined men who undertook the journey outward on foot in the snow. Suffering untold misery they finally reached Maryville, consuming two days and a night in the journey. Here Booth borrowed enough to pay his passage to Sacramento and thence to San Francisco. Here he learned from Junius of the burial of their father; that their mother was not in pressing need and they determined to begin their fortunes anew in California.

Junius Booth organized a stock company at a small theater, called the San Francisco Hall, and in this Edwin was utility man. He took parts in farces and burlesques and even assumed the character of Dandy Cox, in a negro farce, in which he made a hit.

One night, for the benefit of a member of the company, Edwin acted Richard III. His success was magical and the city became enthusiastic in his praise. His brother advised him to appear at once in a series of Shakespearian characters. His Richard gave way to Shylock and this to Macbeth. Great dramatic excitement and enthusiasm resulted in California. He became an enduring favorite of that public.

In the fall of 1854 Booth visited Australia in company with Laura Keene and D. C. Anderson. They sailed in a brig in which seventy-two days were consumed in the journey to Sydney. Here Booth appeared for the first time as Shylock, winning success. The company proceeded to Melbourne, where they found business bad and Booth and Miss Keene severed relations, Booth taking passage for San Francisco in a ship that was destined to stop at the Sandwich Islands. He disembarked at Honolulu and remained two months there, producing several plays. Hard times overtook the company and they were compelled to sleep in hammocks slung in the theater.

BOYS EAT THE PASTE.

After a short time it was learned that the lack of patronage was due in a great measure to the fact that the native boys who were intrusted to post the town with bills ate the paste and threw away the posters. Booth afterward played the role of bill-poster and business picked up. After a couple of weeks the actor took passage to San Francisco, where he appeared at the Metropolitan Theater in a series of Shakespearian plays.

After the case of the San Francisco engagement Booth took to the road, producing for the first time in America "The Marble Heart," at Sacramento. It happened that every town the company visited was ravished by fire, after their departure, and the superstition of the mountain dwellers deduced the fires as a result of the visit of the players, so that traveling became hazardous to the company. Booth left the company at Downingsville, as poor as when he started out, leaving behind him the title of "the fiery star." Through hardship and without money he made his way back to Sacramento, where a benefit was tendered him. At San Francisco another benefit was tendered him and with this assistance he realized enough money to tide him over a discouraging predicament. It was but a short time afterward, September, 1856, that he departed from California for the east, bidden Godspeed by a public that delighted to honor him.

In the east Booth at once appealed as a novelty, and his career was a success from the start. His first appearance upon his return to the east was at the Front Street Theater, Baltimore, after which he made a tour of the south and southwest, winning favor in all the larger cities. In Richmond he first met Mary Devlin, who afterward became his wife.

SUCCESS AS RICHARD III.

He opened a Boston engagement in April, 1857, in "Sir Giles Overreach," and won a brilliant triumph. He appeared in New York as Richard III at Burton's Metropolitan Theater, May 14, 1857. His success was chronicled as "a sensation hitherto unequaled by any native-born actor, Edwin Forrest alone excepted." During this engagement Booth appeared also as Sir Giles Overreach, Richelieu, Shylock, King Lear, Romeo, Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Sir Edward Mortimer, Petrucio, St. Pierre, Lucius Brutus, Pescara and in The Stranger. The following August he again appeared at the Metropolitan Theater and made new friends. During this engagement Lawrence Barrett made his first appearance in New York, acting Lord Lovell. At the close of this engagement Booth traveled extensively in the south and west with great success.

Booth was married to Mary Devlin in New York, July 7, 1860, and soon after set out for England. He played at the Haymarket Theater in London September, 1861, under the management of Buckstone, who insisted that he should begin with Shylock. He was received kindly by the public, but coldly by the critics, and after a trip to Paris for recreation he returned to his native land.

May 14, 1864, Booth began preparation for an elaborate production of Hamlet, which was brought out the following 21st of November, and enjoyed a run of 100 consecutive nights at the Winter Garden. The production was shifted March 24, 1865, to the stage of the Boston Theater, where Edwin Booth, on the fateful April 14, suffering from the wild excitement that followed the assassination of President Lincoln by his maniacal brother, John Wilkes Booth, left the stage at once and disappeared from view. The shock to his proud, sensitive and taciturn nature was such, it is said, he never would have emerged from that retirement had not pecuniary obligations demanded professional industry.

REAPPEARS AS HAMLET.

He reappeared January 3, 1866, at the Winter Garden in Hamlet. Public sympathy was with him and the old interest in the artist revived. He was welcomed with cheers and every demonstration of pleasure. The press treated him cordially. Booth was encouraged to new effort and continued his eventful career until the day he was stricken. In his riper years Booth was more closely associated with the part of Hamlet than any other and was conceded by the best critics to be the greatest impersonator of the "melancholy Dane" the world ever knew.

At the close of the simple, yet impressive, obsequies of the dead actor in the Little Church 'Round the Corner the body was placed in a hearse and, accompanied by the pallbearers, taken to the Grand Central depot, thence to be transported to its last resting place at Mount Auburn. Before the sexton of the church had finished tolling the death-knell and the congregation of the deceased actor's mourning friends had passed from the sanctuary words were being flashed over the wires from Washington conveying to all parts of the country news of the collapse of the old Ford Theater building, the scene of the horrible tragedy in which John Wilkes Booth, Edwin's brother, assassinated President Lincoln. The building was crowded with clerks of Uncle Sam's War Department when the crash came. About twenty-one persons were killed and many others maimed and injured. A strange coincidence in the ending of the eventful career of Edwin Booth.

GOVERNMENT PENSIONS TWO BRAVE CROW WARRIORS

They Fought With General Crook on the Rosebud and Did Good Work Against Other Redskins.

In voting pensions of $20 a month to Coyote-Looks-Up and Bull Snake, two Crow Indians who aided Gen. Crook when he was nearly defeated by the Sioux in 1876, Congress has given a deserved reward to two red-skinned heroes who are now living on the Crow Indian reservation.

There are few Indians drawing pensions from the United States government, though many have served Uncle Sam in the capacity of scouts and some have even fought hand-to-hand engagements on the plains in the white man's cause. Many Crows were employed as scouts in the days of Indian fighting and the exploits of old Chief Washakie and his fighting Shoshones with Gen. Crook form an exciting chapter of western history.

The exploit for which Bull Snake and Coyote-Looks-Up have been rewarded by the government was performed after Gen. Reynolds' defeat by Crazy Horse on the Powder river in March, 1876. Reynolds had captured Crazy Horse's village, but the Indians rallied and poured in such a hot fire on the troops that Reynolds was compelled to fall back in disorder on Crook, who was bringing up the infantry and wagons. At that time the allied tribes of Sioux and Cheyennes were at their strongest and were bidding defiance to all the forces that could be hurled against them. Not only were Crazy Horse and other great Indian generals performing marvels in scouting work, but they met the soldiers in some of the fiercest hand-to-hand conflicts in western history, disproving the oft asserted theory that the Indian will not make a stand-up fight.

With Crook were many Crows and Shoshones, the latter under Chief Washakie, one of the greatest friends the white man ever had among the Indians. The Indians under Crazy Horse had been greatly encouraged by their victory over Reynolds, and swept down on Crook, intending to make a defeat overwhelming. The first warning that Crook had of the assault was when the Crows swept into camp crying:

"The Sioux! The Sioux!"

On the heels of the Crows and Shoshones came the exultant Sioux, 6,000 of them, according to the estimate of historians. Crook sent his Crows and Shoshones to circle the right and left so they could fall on the flanks of the Indians. The infantry and part of the 2d Cavalry went forward as skirmishers around the bluffs of the Rosebud. Mills made a gallant charge against the Indians on the left. The savages gave way and fled to higher ground, where they opened fire. Again Mills charged and cleared the upper ground of Sioux, who retired, though fighting desperately.

WHEN CROWS HELPED HENRY.

A similar charge had been made on the other side by Guy V. Henry, afterward brigadier general. The Crows and Shoshones delivered their attack on the Indian's rear, and but for this diversion the Sioux would in all probability have overwhelmed the white soldiers, whom they greatly outnumbered. Many of the Indians who had been fighting Mills left to hurl themselves upon Henry, who became the center of a fearful struggle. Cool as an iceberg, Henry rode up and down his thin line of men, who had all dismounted. He repulsed charge after charge of the Sioux, and, at one time, ordered a counter charge and rescued an imperiled company. At last the brave officer was shot in the face, a rifle bullet striking him under the left eye passing through the upper part of his mouth and coming out below the right eye. His face was covered with blood and his mouth was filled with it. At last he fell from his horse in the very act of leading a charge. His fall greatly disheartened his troops and encouraged the Sioux, who at that moment delivered a terrific charge. The Indians swept over the body of Henry, and it was a miracle that he was not trampled to death by the flying hoofs.

The soldiers were borne back and would have been overwhelmed, but at the right moment Chief Washakie and his Cheyennes and a number of Crows, including Bull Snake and Coyote-Looks-Up, came to the rescue. For several minutes a desperate fight was waged over Henry's unconscious form, but finally the Sioux were driven back and Henry was picked up and borne to safety, afterward recovering and taking part in many other desperate battles.

The heroic services of the Indians who took part in the battle of the Rosebud have been overlooked until this late day. Bull Snake received a terrible wound in the hip during the progress of the engagement, the bone being shattered and leaving the leg deformed. The writer saw him last fall at the annual fair of Crow Indians. He was in the parade of old Indians and across his arm rested the very rifle that he bore so effectively in the fight on the Rosebud.

Coyote-Looks-Up took part in the same parade and was an awe-inspiring sight, his face being blacked and his headdress consisted of part of a buffalo skull. Coyote-Looks-Up is erratic at times. In this regard a good story is told of him by old-timers on the reservation. It seems that during the Sioux troubles Coyote-Looks-Up and a small band of Crows met some of their hereditary enemies who were on the warpath, and a fight ensued in which the Crows were victors, killing every one of the Sioux.

COYOTE-LOOKS-UP'S COUP.

No sooner was the battle over than the victorious party descried a company of United States soldiers galloping toward them. The Crows, not knowing what treaty arrangements were in effect and what punishment might be visited upon them for killing the Sioux, fled before the soldiers had discovered them—all but the erratic Coyote-Looks-Up, who was on the scene of conflict when the soldiers arrived. One of the soldiers, who could talk a little Crow, asked who had killed the Sioux.

"Me did it!" said Coyote-Looks-Up, proudly slapping his chest.

Now it happened that the soldiers were out looking for this very band of marauding Sioux, and, having a disagreeable task taken off their hands in this manner, they were delighted. They did not question Coyote-Looks-Up's statement, but showered presents on him and praised him to the skies as a great warrior. One of them even gave him a showy medal. When Coyote-Looks-Up returned to camp and told about the way the soldiers had treated him and showed his gifts for bravery, the foolishness of the Crows, who had fled, may well be imagined. Today Coyote-Looks-Up, if you will visit the Crow reservation, will take you to his tepee and proudly show you the medal he gained for killing such a large war party of Sioux.

Another scout who performed heroic services for the white men is Curly, a full-blooded Crow Indian who was scouting with Custer on the day Yellow Hair met his fate on the Little Big Horn. An officer who saw what a trap the command had fallen into took Curly aside and said:

"Here, boy, there's going to be hades popping in a minute. You cut and run."

So Curly fled, and as he looked back he could see Custer being overwhelmed by the triumphant Sioux and Cheyennes.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN THE PURSUITS OF YOUR LIFE

A New York Tribune Philosopher Answers an Enquiring Soul Who Would Avoid Failure in His Career.

F. G. T. (Wolcott, N. Y.); Numerous books and periodicals profess to teach how to gain success and fortune. Are not such claims made in bad faith? Or is there really such an art that can be acquired?

As we do not know to which books and periodicals you refer we cannot tell whether their claims are made in good or bad faith. As regards the claim itself, that the art of gaining success and fortune can be taught, it is not extravagant at all, and in many cases is certainly made in good faith. We live in an age of instruction. Everything can be taught; everything can be learned; everything is but a question of education, schooling, training. With diligence and perseverance one can ultimately attain everything, and for everything there are schools, teachers and books. Genius is only a prejudice of yesterday. Every art is today a matter of technics, skill, dexterity. Why, then, should it not be possible to teach and also to acquire the art of making one's fortune? Shall we wait until fortune comes of its own accord? We shall have to wait long. We have become tired of waiting. Today we must hunt for fortune in order to find it. And as there are manuals that teach how to use the divining rod, so there are books and periodicals teaching how to become the master of fortune. And all those wise people who offer to impart to us the fundamental principles of success start from the true axiom: "Fortune is always at hand; we need only know how to capture it."

In a recently published French book, "Pour faire son chemin dans la vie," the author, M. Silvain Roudes, a well read man, draws the picture of the man able to force fortune in our day. To this end not so many and not even very rare qualities are required. The most important quality is self-reliance, and the obstacle in the way is modesty. Accordingly, you must develop your self-reliance, and combat your modesty until nothing is left of it. How to do it? Nothing simpler. You need only to study thoroughly your fellow men in order to know all their faults and shortcomings; and the more the respect for your rival and adversary diminishes the more the respect for yourself will increase. The second indispensable quality of the fortune hunter (in the best sense) is calmness. Whatever passes within you, your neighbor need not know it. Every neighbor is an enemy or may become one. Only he is strong who can control his emotions. The true pathfinder, therefore, will never be a prattler, will never by word or gesture betray what he thinks and feels. He will realize that silence is much better than speech. The English have conquered the world because they know how to conceal their interests. The third quality that must not be wanting is strength of will. "Nothing is impossible; there are ways leading to all ends; if the will is strong enough it will also always find the means," taught La Rochefoucauld. The control of one's self and others begins with energy. And, however strange it may sound, also energy can be acquired, also will power can be developed; here, too, exercise can increase a natural gift. This was known to the wise of all times. The ancient mysteries of the Egyptians and Greeks were institutions for the training of the will; the priests knew that the will was capable of everything, that the will vanquished the earth and conquered heaven. What is courage but a form of will? And what is fortune? A will translated into action. How to develop your will power? Very simple. "Every evening, at exactly 8 o'clock, leave your house, no matter whether it be raining, snowing, or hailing; walk to a certain street; on a certain crossway pick up a little stone and return home on a certain road, and do so regularly for a certain length of time, with perfect calmness, unaffected by the thoughts and events of the day." This advice Papus, the modern magician, was wont to give to his disciples. However silly it may sound it contains a profound wisdom. The little stone on the crossway may indeed become the philosopher's stone teaching the magic of a strong will. Perform any duty imposed upon yourself, do not deviate from it, always intent to develop your will power by exercise, and you will attain your end. There is an excellent book, "L'education de la volonte," by Jules Payat, from which the necessary exercises can be early learned.

These are about all the qualities needed in order to make one's way in life. After the disciple has learned the lessons well, what is he to do to accomplish his work? Nothing easier than this. He needs but have some good idea in order to make his fortune. A good idea is one that no other has conceived before. To a poor old woman in Paris who did not know how to gain a living it once occurred to gather the orange peels lying about in the streets. She sold the peels to a distillery, where they made liquor of them. She soon realized a good price for the orange peels, and she engaged a few women to help her in her work. A few years later she owned a store, wagons and had an army of employes, and today the former beggar is a rich woman. Another example: One day it occurred to a small business man to indicate by tickets the price of the goods displayed in his show window. The name of this man was Boucicaut, and he was the founder of the famous Bon Marche store in Paris. This idea was the cause of his prosperity, made him a multimillionaire. And these instances could be multiplied a hundredfold.

From the above it will be seen how easy it is to make one's way in the world. With the knowledge of a few more minor hints, such as given, for instance, in Orison Swett Marden's excellent book "How to Get Into the First Rank," published some ten years ago, the fortune hunter cannot fail ultimately to attain his end.

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them. "You," she said coldly, "have loved before."—Record-Herald.

"Did you say the prisoner hit the plaintiff between the court-house and the postoffice?" "No, I didn't. I said he hit him between the eyes."—Baltimore American.

Pat—Are ye engaged to Mike Dooley? Biddy—Faith, an' I'm not. Are ye after wantin' me? Pat—Not unless I can't git ye.—Peola Advocate.